

Whenever I have a problem I sit down with my bass fiddle and play a tune or two. This was such a time because my dad had just told me that we are going to move to Clarksburg, a little town in the middle of who knows where!

“I was just beginning to make some friends here in Lakeview, Dad, and I also got into the school band playing my fiddle, if you can believe that. I don’t want to move! Besides, I am five-and-a-half feet tall, wear glasses, and I just got braces, and everyone in Clarksburg will think I am the Thing From Outer Space!” I cried.

“I am really sorry, Christy, but you know that I have to go wherever my job takes me,” said Dad with a sigh. He had a sad look on his face. I felt terribly sorry for him. I didn’t mean to make him feel bad, but he just didn’t know how hard it was going to be for me to make friends again. They my mother made me feel worse by giving me her lecture number fifty-seven: Things Are Always Better Than They Seem AT First. I had heard that one many times before, so I did not pay any attention this time, although I nodded my head and blinked my eyes. I can fool my mother pretty easily, can’t I?

We moved to Clarksburg the next weekend. Much to my surprise, it was a pretty town, and I liked our house because it had a

swimming pool. On Monday I started prison at the Clarksburg Middle School, a place so creepy that I was surprised it didn't have bars on the windows. No one spoke to me for awhile until I told them I played the bass fiddle, a major mistake. They taunted, "Christy is the queen of first bass!" and other such degrading statements, but I have to admit that it was my fault for telling them.

'I think they're simple-minded if they don't understand my affection for laying the bass fiddle," I told my parents. They laughed at me, told me they loved me, and asked me to set the table for dinner. So, this is another chapter in the life of Christy, the Queen of the Bass Fiddle. Tune in next week for an update.

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